

PUBLISHED BY
W. & J. BUCKMINSTER.
TERMS, \$2.00 in advance; if payment is not made within three months, \$2.50 will be charged.
No paper sent for a term less than six months.
All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor at Boston.
Advertising at reasonable terms.

AGRICULTURE.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

On arriving at Winchester Centre a little before nine, A. M., we found the two gentlemen whom we wished to see at their store—Messrs. S. & L. Hurlbut. Mr. S. Hurlbut is the Postmaster and attends to the affairs of that office and to the store. Mr. L. Hurlbut attends more particularly to farming. It was of him that we purchased our first North Devon stock, and our business was to purchase more, and to see his farm.

Mr. Hurlbut has about 500 acres of land here, 200 of it in his own occupation—the location is quite handsome and the soil is strong and good. The principal lot, where his dwelling house stands, is a fine swell of ground from which the water drains off in all directions and leaves no stagnant pools. The soil has from 20 to 25 per cent. of clay in it, and is sufficiently adhesive to make fine pastures. His house, barns, and out buildings are central, and convenient for farming purposes.

The land here is rocky, and it required much labor to clear of the rocks for the mowing grounds. This business has been performed effectually and many acres are entirely cleared of their granite so far as the surface is concerned, and the rocks have been placed in very fine walls of a long sufficient for a trotting horse on the top. With strings of wall have been laid up handsomely in different directions and make a fine appearance. The sight of them must be enjoyed by every farmer who has suffered long for the want of rocks, and who has been bothered with old rail fence and a set of rough cattle.

Having quite a surplus of material Mr. H. digs down two feet and makes a wide trench for the small stones to fill up. In this way he succeeds in making his double-fence walls stand about as firm as the walls of a cellar. The labor of laying these walls is not much greater than would be the labor of piling the rocks in high heaps to keep them out of the way. Yet Mr. H. tells us that it has cost him eighty dollars per acre to clear the land of rocks and build them into wall.

When once cleared this land makes very fine mowing ground, yielding three or four tons to the acre when a second crop is taken. It requires no manuring of course, but the soil is strong and retains what is given it for many years.

The barns are well fitted with hay of a good quality, for there is no brook-meadow hay cut here—it is all English.

Mr. Hurlbut's is a stock farm and he attends but little to the growing of grain. His pasture lands are generally rocky and furnish rich feed. For a dozen or fourteen years he has paid most particular attention to the North Devon cattle, and he has succeeded in obtaining in raising the finest animals that have yet been seen by us on the American continent. His cattle come the nearest to perfection of any that have been talked of in this part of the world.

Much reliance has been placed on the large size of other breeds—but Mr. Hurlbut's oxen are quite large enough for common barns or uncommon ones. One pair of his half blood Devons of seven years of age now measure eight feet in the girth, and they are now fit for Brighton market, though they have had no other feed this summer than grass, and though they have hauled all the hay that has been cut on the farm for a large stock of cattle.

For these oxen one hundred and twenty-five dollars were offered in cash by a farmer from New York State. This offer was made in our presence while there—the same New York farmer, having purchased a number of cows of this week for work on his farm. The oxen which he bought were all half bloods—that is, half Devon and half native blood—all of them from Mr. Hurlbut's stall, and all the oxen looking much alike. This is quite easy to make out of this breed let the mothers be what they will, or of any color whatever. The Devon blood always prevails in the offspring in regard to form and color.

The three pairs of cattle aforesaid were drove by while we were there. For one of the purchase price \$135. For the next \$130, and for the third \$125. These oxen were all at work for work or for fatness. We saw a large portion of the stock on this farm. The cows on grass feed were all in good flesh. About 60 head of cattle are kept and most of the stock is full blooded North Devon. Mr. H. has reserved nearly all his full blood heifers for breeders, and he has none now for sale since we bargained with him for four better calves that are to be sent on to us by the railroad in a few days.

We have beside these, at Framingham, one full blood bull and two heifers, both of which have had calves, and we propose to increase this stock as fast as we can, and sell the calves as fast as they come old enough to be taken from the cows.

Mr. Hurlbut procured his full blood Devons at Baltimore. The stock was a present of six cattle from an English gentleman to Mr. Peterson of Baltimore. No other Devon stock imported into this country will bear a comparison with that imported at Baltimore. Let any one compare and he will be satisfied of our correctness. W. B.

AGRICULTURE.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ed for pasture. For land that is ploughed, vegetable matter may be introduced.

New Braintree. J. B. B.

Soils may be injured by too much burning, since vegetable matter is essential to promote vegetation, and too much burning destroys in some cases what is needed to remain in the soil. Yet in clearing new lands it is quite convenient to make use of fire to clear away brush and small stumps, and without it we have no assurance of a crop of grain which is always expected from lands when first cleared.

Where wood is of no value the whole is burned on the ground where it grows, and it often happens that the soil is burned so much as to injure it. This happens on land that abounds in clay and that is not benefited much, if any, by a dressing of ashes. We have seen lands of this description in Maine that would yield one crop of grain and then remain for years without producing any thing of value—the soil was clammy and better fitted to burn most than grain or grass.

On sandy lands there is less danger of excessive burning, because the ashes make a most suitable manure for the soil. They render it more compact and more capable of retaining moisture and manures that may be applied. Therefore, ploughing and burning has long been recommended to clear off the surface matter and fit the soil for seed. This is an old English practice, though it has not been followed much on highlands in this country for the purpose of reforestation.

Fifty bows however are now subdued by the aid of fire, and though in dry summers there are cases where the fire burns too much of the upper crust, and runs so deep as to be ruinous—making a pond hole for frogs—still we are not afraid, generally, to make use of fire to burn the sods. When ditches are cut through the bog, and water is found within a foot or two of the surface, there is no danger from fire—and we find it a very convenient instrument in clearing.

For in grounds abounding in peat there is no fear of a want of vegetable matter. What is most feared is something to decompose the peat—something to bring it into action and render it fit for the cultivated grasses. And nothing is better to aid in the decomposition of any vegetable matter than ashes. Peat ashes are not suitable for making soap, but they are as good as wood ashes to promote the growth of grass.

There is a prevalent notion in this country that on clearing up high lands for the purpose of pasturing, the plough should not be used; and it has been remarked that where there was but a slight burning of the brush—the timber and brush having been all carried away—and where the harrow only was used to bury the grass seed and the grain— that more durable pasturing was produced than where the plough turned up a deep furrow and set all the vegetable matter to rotting at once.

We incline to think that this is so from instances that have come under our own observation. The soil in many places is so heavy where the plough has not been used as when a deep furrow has been turned, and the little roots have been cut off and left to rot at once.

The principal reason for using the plough in the first instance to clear new lands is, that the bushes may be killed, and that the trouble of moving them for manure be avoided. In some cases, however, the cleared parts of our country, where a single acre or two are cleared for an addition to the pasture ground, we have not much trouble with bushes, for three or four cows will crop down an acre or more of them so much as to save most of the trouble of moving or of knocking off the sprouts from the stumps. Cows and young cattle are very fond of variety and love to make their meals in part of the wild bushes. [Editor.]

AGRICULTURE.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"I CAN'T DO IT."

In a phrase which should never be found in a young man's vocabulary. One of the greatest obstacles which proves fatal to the success of mankind, in their undertakings, is a spirit that is too easily discouraged. Some project which, at first thought, may appear perfectly easy, is commenced and carried on for a while; when they begin to meet with disappointments, they cry out, "I can't do it." It is too laborious—a mole-hill becomes a mountain. But to one who can try, there is no such thing as an insurmountable obstacle. Who are those that have distinguished themselves as thorough scholars, profound reasoners, deep thinkers? Not those who have wasted their time in idleness—yielded to every discouraging circumstance; but those who, by their persevering industry, and strong reliance on their own powers, have overcome every obstacle, honored themselves, and have been a blessing to the world.

Who are those that have accumulated wealth, and have been distinguished for their benevolent acts? Not those who have folded their arms, and sighed away their days, because they were not rich; but those who, by their own industry, and by the sweat of their brow, have earned a little here and a little there. We are aware that all are not characterized by the same degree of energy, industry, judgment, &c., but we believe that any man who is determined to succeed, will find a way to do so. The golden roads to wealth are few, (if we except California,) but no man need be poor if he have energy and industry, and discard the idea that he can't accomplish it, when he witnesses the result of attentiveness to business to those who have made themselves independent. Thousands there are who have lived and died in obscurity—lacking energy, and the seeds of thought which were buried in their minds were suffered to decay, when, if called into action, or moulded into shape, by care and industry, would have been distinguished lights in the world.

Our farmer, then, who is all, never say, "I can't," when he is about to engage in scientific pursuits, or labor of any kind, but try, and you will succeed. If you do the best to improve the abilities you have, no fault will be found—your will not be spent in murmuring, because you have no knowledge—no riches.

New Braintree. J. B. B.

AGRICULTURE.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HAY CAPS.

Mr. Editor, Sir: I am sorry that my short article on hay caps should give you so much trouble.

You say "no practical farmer will be very ready to procure caps for his hay." I am a practical farmer—have used hay caps for years; they have saved me ten times their cost. In practice I find that a cap of hay may stand out through a storm of a week under a good cap, and receive no other injury than what it receives from the wet ground. From practice I find that the wind which we are told blows hard for the last four years, when I had hay-capped, to blow over a cap, with a cap on it, my hay.

From practice, I find that the caps may remain

AGRICULTURE.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

on after a rain, just as long as you wish to have them, surely the farmer has nothing to do with the production of codfish or mackerel, or halibut, or smoked herring, or salmon, or whale-fish. True, he has nothing to do with their production. He never nurtured or fed these inhabitants of the briny deep. Their instincts led them to their own procreation, and also to roam at large from north to south and from east to west, procuring as they went their own food. The farmer neither fed nor clothed them, nor built them houses or barns. As they exist in the ocean, they are wholly independent of his agency. But when we find them in the markets of trade, as objects of merchandise, it is not quite so. On what did the mechanics live, while building the ships which were in search of these marine elements of wealth? And on what did the sailors subsist during their voyages in securing them? On ship-bread made from the farmer's flour; and beef and pork, which the farmer fed and sent to market.

The admission is particularly applicable to iron and steel, as we see gristmills scattered among the useful implements of civilized society. We admit, as we did above, that as crude minerals, when existing in their native quarries, they were as God made them. Man had no agency in their existence. But is not to be overlooked, that as crude minerals they had comparatively no value. They are so abundant as to be but little more precious than a rich garden soil. Their whole value is given them by labor. It is said that steel, made into the main-spring of the watch, is augmented in value more than a thousand per cent. And who does not know what increased value is given to it, when made into fine cutlery? A piece of steel might conveniently be carried in one's pocket, converted into surgical instruments or finely finished pen-knives, will probably be worth one hundred dollars. Hence it will be seen that it is mainly the labor of the artist, applied to these raw materials, from which the merchant derives his profit, and not from the materials themselves. And the artist, as in the case of shipbuilding, and the sailor or catching fish, receive their sustenance from the hand of the agriculturist. It is much the same even with gristmills. They do not leap, self-formed, like living animals, from their hard-made beds. Course as they are, the application of labor was requisite to mould them into the shape demanded for mercantile and mechanical uses.

If such demonstrations come from the exceptions first made from our main hypothesis, how conclusive will be the argument when directed to cases of a more obvious and palpable description? The great staples of agricultural production, such as wheat, corn, &c., are not one mass become an article of merchandise. To what a host of persons will it give occupation and support? How many ships would be required to transport it? What a multitude of laboring men, whose ships, and, for such we know, it might require a chain of railroad cars that would reach round the globe to transport the whole of it, at once across the two continents. Dividing this into parcels of one hundred thousand bushels each, and each parcel into ten thousand wholesale merchants; and if each has ten subordinates, clerks, porters, and carmen, it makes a business for one hundred thousand persons; and giving support, including the cost of food, to at least one hundred thousand souls. Yet, this is but a shadow of the real picture.

These agricultural products, like other merchandise, do not pass directly from the whole-saler to the retailer. The whole-saler, in fact, is the retailer makes the profit on them that is made by the farmer. Sometimes they pass through two or three different hands before their transit is complete; each, as a parcel of commerce, receiving a percentage. Take as a sample, the article of flour, passing from the merchant to the retailer; from the retailer to the baker; frequently from the baker back to the retailer in the form of a commission. All the exercise any agency or employ capital in these transactions are to be duly paid; so that, when in the hands of the consumer, it must be estimated at nearly one hundred per cent. above the price paid by the producer for it. Take also the article of cotton, passing from the producer to the whole-saler; from him to the manufacturer; from the manufacturer to the commission merchant; from the commission merchant to the retailer; and from the retailer to the consumer. Here are five different transits, each attended with carrying expenses, in addition to the mercantile per centage each party is entitled to receive. And, in all cases of exportation to foreign countries, the agent or broker, and the shipping company, and the insurance company, there are additional transits. Thus, our agricultural products mainly support our railroads and freight steamboats. They support our mercantile establishments; the factors, the brokers, the commission merchants, &c.; in fact, support the landlords, in paying rent, and not less the masons and carpenters who erect city buildings—the street pavers and the street cleaners—together with the various individuals who are engaged in every branch of commerce. All the exercise any agency or employ capital in these transactions are to be duly paid; so that, when in the hands of the consumer, it must be estimated at nearly one hundred per cent. above the price paid by the producer for it.

The magnitude of the agricultural interests of a country demand the attention of the legislator, as well as the respectful consideration of all its citizens. In our own country it is passing strange that our government has so little realized a feeling of corresponding responsibility. What has our government ever done to stimulate its yeomanry to the most enlightened and efficient means for rendering agriculture honorable and profitable? Has it held out inducements to open new sources of profit, or to open new fields of enterprise? Has it ever done so? Has it spread over our wide domain, as it has broadcast, the illuminations of science relating to this subject? It might easily have done so. It has done so in our national vessels, every now and then, to return home freighted with improved breeds of animals, to be gratuitously placed in the hands of our yeomanry, and to be established in connection with our colleges, or other endowed and incorporated institutions; the produce of these animals held within the reach of small operators as well as of the rich. It has done so in the case of the national government would raise American agriculture to a higher elevation; rendering it vastly more lucrative than it now is; and in addition to the benefits conferred on individuals, adding much to our national wealth, independence, and aggrandizement.

To secure an end of such utility to the increased prosperity of the country, there should be at Washington, in the national government, a Bureau or Department of Agriculture in all its ramifications. It should be for the benefit of the people—the citizens of the whole country, and for nothing else. Compared with such a department, of little consequence to the masses of the people are the naval and army departments. Where these benefit one person, the other would enrich hundreds. Why not have it? If the people pay for it, have they not a right to it? Besides, in its results it would pay for itself a hundred, perhaps a thousand times over, in the augmented agricultural resources of

AGRICULTURE.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

the fattening animal and its food.

It now remains to say something of the fattening animal. Here the object of feeding is changed; it is not intended to increase the size and weight of its bones and frame, for they have attained their full development; their daily waste is to be fully replaced, and in addition there is to be the greatest possible amount of flesh and fat accumulated upon them in the shortest possible time, and this with the least necessary cost.

Here is clearly a new class of food needed, containing not only phosphorus, animal substances, starch, &c., as before, but also an increased proportion of protein bodies, and above all an abundance of oil or fatty matters. The vegetable fats or oils do not differ in their composition from the animal fats, some of them, in fact, being almost identical of course, then, the transformations necessary to convert them into the various parts of the body are easily accomplished.

It has been argued by some scientific men, that these vegetable oils are really of no such importance as is here ascribed to them: they say that the chief part of the fat in our domestic animals is derived from the starch and sugar contained in their food. The starch already mentioned, that of these substances, when converted into fat, and doubtless are converted to a large extent, might seem to countenance such views, had we not direct practical evidence that the vegetable food which is most oily in its nature, is found to be the most valuable in fattening. It is only necessary to instance Indian meal, oil cake, linseed, jelly, &c., as compared, weight for weight, in feeding, with rice, oats, barley, potatoes, or turnips, to see the difference, which the first named varieties of food are by far the best.

Starch, sugar, and gum, and especially the two latter, unquestionably aid materially in fattening, but at the same time they are little else, given, but at the same time they are little else, economically as more oily food would have done. A small portion of this latter food, mixed with larger quantities of the more watery or less concentrated nutriment, is found an extremely good way of feeding. Thus, in England, for an ox, as many turnips as the animal will eat, are given, with four or five pounds of oil cake per day. They also use linseed jelly by boiling the linseed in water, and then mixing it with hay and hay; when it cools, a stiff, firm jelly is formed, which may be turned out in masses. The mixture might well be turned in this country. It is now becoming the practice here to use Indian meal, mixed with a little molasses, and there is great advantage in so doing; in a mixture of the redness and relish with which effect upon its growth.

A cutting machine saves much hay, enables the farmer to consume a large portion of straw and hay, mixing with the same time to promote the fattening of his stock, by the greater ease with which they eat and digest food partially prepared for their stomachs. Everything which saves labor and increases the profit, promotes the increase of his stock. Hay for purposes should be mown before quite matured, as it contains so much more gum, sugar, &c., than when allowed to stand till fully ripe. The same may be said of straw. Grain is heavier, and better in quality for early cutting; and experience shows that the straw is not so superior for feeding purposes. Some kinds cut early, and carefully cured, are nearly equal to straw in value, and even superior to it in some cases, which has been suffered to ripen and bleach till it is little better than a mass of dry sticks.

Indian cornstalks, when cut as above, and well cured, are nearly equal to the straw in value. When cut and cured in an eminent degree. When cut fine, and mixed with Indian meal, they are eaten by cattle with much avidity, and eaten clean, butts and all. Some farmers use a good deal of straw, and mix it with much as the best hay. When we consider the weight of them to be obtained from an acre of heavy corn, they are probably more than equal, taking into account the respective quantities per acre.

In many parts of this country cornstalks are neglected, or, if cared at all, are only thrown into the barnyard whole. Their butts and stalks come out undecayed in the spring, making a mass of rotting rubbish, which is a great waste of labor and money. We see hundreds of fields every autumn, where the stalks stand bleached and white till before snow comes, when they are cut up and thrown away, or, if they are not cut up, they are left to rot in the field. The stalks, when cut up and mixed with the tops tied together, they die green, and sweet and tender, so that all stock relish them highly. Some farmers leave the stalks of one hill uncut, and rather these eight or sixteen other rows, and these stalks give stability to the stack and prevents it from blowing over. [Prof. Norton's Prize Essay.]

AGRICULTURE.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MANURE HEAP.

Mr. Editor, I recognize, as the first and most important principle in farming the provision of a sufficient quantity of good and valuable manure. Without this we can accomplish but little; and yet there are but few farmers who are deficient in this department is not always encountered, although facilities for its accumulation so abundantly exist whenever there is vegetable life or mineral waters of the commonest kinds. No farmer, I contend, ever need be in want of the wherewithal to feed his crops or enrich his fields. They who complain most loudly in this particular, do not rightly appreciate the advantages they have; nor are they prepared to avail themselves of one half the wealth and resources they in reality possess.

It is rarely the case that we find any efforts whatever, on the part of the farmer, to increase and augmentation of his manure supply. He has no doubt, but he is not replenished with materials for compost, and the principal resource upon which he relies for renovating his soil when exhausted by the production of an enormous succession of crops, is supplied by the droppings deposited in his enclosures by cattle that, in consequence of the imperfect and singularly injudicious system he has adopted, coat him, annually, twice the amount of manure that he could have obtained by the work he does not work; his cattle and sheep are not the result of agricultural labor; and the merchant is not dependent on this labor for all he can make out of these things. A second thought suggests, however, that there should

AGRICULTURE.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

be a little qualification to the admission. You admit, surely the farmer has nothing to do with the production of codfish or mackerel, or halibut, or smoked herring, or salmon, or whale-fish. True, he has nothing to do with their production. He never nurtured or fed these inhabitants of the briny deep. Their instincts led them to their own procreation, and also to roam at large from north to south and from east to west, procuring as they went their own food. The farmer neither fed nor clothed them, nor built them houses or barns. As they exist in the ocean, they are wholly independent of his agency. But when we find them in the markets of trade, as objects of merchandise, it is not quite so. On what did the mechanics live, while building the ships which were in search of these marine elements of wealth? And on what did the sailors subsist during their voyages in securing them? On ship-bread made from the farmer's flour; and beef and pork, which the farmer fed and sent to market.

The admission is particularly applicable to iron and steel, as we see gristmills scattered among the useful implements of civilized society. We admit, as we did above, that as crude minerals, when existing in their native quarries, they were as God made them. Man had no agency in their existence. But is not to be overlooked, that as crude minerals they had comparatively no value. They are so abundant as to be but little more precious than a rich garden soil. Their whole value is given them by labor. It is said that steel, made into the main-spring of the watch, is augmented in value more than a thousand per cent. And who does not know what increased value is given to it, when made into fine cutlery? A piece of steel might conveniently be carried in one's pocket, converted into surgical instruments or finely finished pen-knives, will probably be worth one hundred dollars. Hence it will be seen that it is mainly the labor of the artist, applied to these raw materials, from which the merchant derives his profit, and not from the materials themselves. And the artist, as in the case of shipbuilding, and the sailor or catching fish, receive their sustenance from the hand of the agriculturist. It is much the same even with gristmills. They do not leap, self-formed, like living animals, from their hard-made beds. Course as they are, the application of labor was requisite to mould them into the shape demanded for mercantile and mechanical uses.

If such demonstrations come from the exceptions first made from our main hypothesis, how conclusive will be the argument when directed to cases of a more obvious and palpable description? The great staples of agricultural production, such as wheat, corn, &c., are not one mass become an article of merchandise. To what a host of persons will it give occupation and support? How many ships would be required to transport it? What a multitude of laboring men, whose ships, and, for such we know, it might require a chain of railroad cars that would reach round the globe to transport the whole of it, at once across the two continents. Dividing this into parcels of one hundred thousand bushels each, and each parcel into ten thousand wholesale merchants; and if each has ten subordinates, clerks, porters, and carmen, it makes a business for one hundred thousand persons; and giving support, including the cost of food, to at least one hundred thousand souls. Yet, this is but a shadow of the real picture.

These agricultural products, like other merchandise, do not pass directly from the whole-saler to the retailer. The whole-saler, in fact, is the retailer makes the profit on them that is made by the farmer. Sometimes they pass through two or three different hands before their transit is complete; each, as a parcel of commerce, receiving a percentage. Take as a sample, the article of flour, passing from the merchant to the retailer; from the retailer to the baker; frequently from the baker back to the retailer in the form of a commission. All the exercise any agency or employ capital in these transactions are to be duly paid; so that, when in the hands of the consumer, it must be estimated at nearly one hundred per cent. above the price paid by the producer for it. Take also the article of cotton, passing from the producer to the whole-saler; from him to the manufacturer; from the manufacturer to the commission merchant; from the commission merchant to the retailer; and from the retailer to the consumer. Here are five different transits, each attended with carrying expenses, in addition to the mercantile per centage each party is entitled to receive. And, in all cases of exportation to foreign countries, the agent or broker, and the shipping company, and the insurance company, there are additional transits. Thus, our agricultural products mainly support our railroads and freight steamboats. They support our mercantile establishments; the factors, the brokers, the commission merchants, &c.; in fact, support the landlords, in paying rent, and not less the masons and carpenters who erect city buildings—the street pavers and the street cleaners—together with the various individuals who are engaged in every branch of commerce. All the exercise any agency or employ capital in these transactions are to be duly paid; so that, when in the hands of the consumer, it must be estimated at nearly one hundred per cent. above the price paid by the producer for it.

The magnitude of the agricultural interests of a country demand the attention of the legislator, as well as the respectful consideration of all its citizens. In our own country it is passing strange that our government has so little realized a feeling of corresponding responsibility. What has our government ever done to stimulate its yeomanry to the most enlightened and efficient means for rendering agriculture honorable and profitable? Has it held out inducements to open new sources of profit, or to open new fields of enterprise? Has it ever done so? Has it spread over our wide domain, as it has broadcast, the illuminations of science relating to this subject? It might easily have done so. It has done so in our national vessels, every now and then, to return home freighted with improved breeds of animals, to be gratuitously placed in the hands of our yeomanry, and to be established in connection with our colleges, or other endowed and incorporated institutions; the produce of these animals held within the reach of small operators as well as of the rich. It has done so in the case of the national government would raise American agriculture to a higher elevation; rendering it vastly more lucrative than it now is; and in addition to the benefits conferred on individuals, adding much to our national wealth, independence, and aggrandizement.

To secure an end of such utility to the increased prosperity of the country, there should be at Washington, in the national government, a Bureau or Department of Agriculture in all its ramifications. It should be for the benefit of the people—the citizens of the whole country, and for nothing else. Compared with such a department, of

Two out of the seven hundred songs sent in were considered by the Committee as in many respects equal; but Benedict thought the one by Bayard Taylor superior in musical adaptation. This is the one that drew the prize:—

SALUTATION TO AMERICA
I.

Land of the beautiful, land of the free !
Often my heart had turned longing to thee ;
Often had mountain, lake, torrent and stream
Gleamed on my waking thought, crowded my dream
Now thou receivest me from the broad sea,
Land of the beautiful, land of the free !

Fair to the eye, in thy grandeur thou art,
 O doubly fair, doubly dear to the heart;
 For to the exiled, the trodden, the poor,
 Through the wide world, thou hast opened thy door
 Millions crowd in and are welcomed by thee,
 Thousands sit at thy peaceful board of charity.

Land of the beautiful, land of the free :

III.

Land of the future ! Here Art shall repair ;
Kinder thy gale than her own Grecian air !
Since her true votaries ever have found
A lofty desert by America crowned,
Where in her pride should she dwell but with thee
Land of the beautiful, land of the free ?

Sculpture in three soft, tender lines, young
 Painting illumine and Poetry warm;
 Music devote all her fervors divine
 To a heart-service at Liberty's shrine,
 Till all thy gifts doubly precious shall be,
 Land of the beautiful land of the free!

V.
Hail, then, Republic of Washington, hail !
Never may star of thy Union wax pale !
Hope of the world ! May each union of ill
Fade in the light of thy destiny still !
Time bring but increase and honor to thee,
Land of the beautiful, land of the free !

GREETING TO AMERICA.
 LYRICS BY HAYARD TAYLOR.—MUSIC BY JULES BENKE.
 I greet with a full heart the land of the West,
 Where the Banner of Stars and a world is wrought

Where the banner of stars over a world is hoisted
Whose empire overshadows Atlantic's wide breast
And opens to the sun-et its gateway of gold.
The land of the mountain, the land of the lake
And rivers that roll in magnificent tide,
Where the souls of the mighty from slumber awake
And hallow the soil for whose freedom they died.
Thou Cradle of Empire! though wide be the foam

For song has a home in the hearts of the free.
And long as thy waters shall gleam in the sun,
And long as thy heroes remember their scars,
Be the hands of thy children united as one,
And hence shed her light on the banner of stars.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THREE PICTURES.

A young man, an artist, was passing slowly through the principal thoroughfare of a great city, and the few years of his life, if they proved heavy and sorrowful in experience, at least left no dark impress on his forehead.

His figure was strikingly elegant, and his only; it might well have been taken to represent the Genius of Thought, so calm, elevated and ennobled by spiritual excellence was it.

And he was an ambitious young man, too. He had plunged into his studio, where constantly and assiduously he toiled in his vocation, had told his friends that. It would seem, by the constant eme-

He has come into the open air, this morning, a source of continual delight to him ; neither search of amusements, but to ponder on a thought which has long labored in his mind—three

would delight and instruct, and leave in the world an abiding moral influence. Not only did Mr. Gray long to win for himself a proud name in the earth, but with the poets and preachers would join his voice and tongue; he

The artist's heart beat joyfully as he resounded his idea in his mind. His hope was high—his was skilful.

Mechanically turning at the first corner, he moved on to quarters of the city where

At once he stood silent, as though charmed suddenly to marble; then a heart-cheering cry of joy and surprise burst from him, and 'I have found it!—I have found it!' he cried. 'Here it is, at last!'

There were children playing in the street

The unconscious child was a girl, six or seven years of age, faultless in form and features, with the quick eye of the artist detecting extraordinary beauty, though deeper than the eye almost as extraordinary.

It was not solely the exquisite loveliness of the child's face, though the shape and color were perfect—but beside the dark rich hair, well in such unheeded profusion on the shoulder of the little mistress, and beside the deep, sapp

...a *soul-book*, which intensified her natural beauty, and stamped her as the owner of independent feet, whose range was far higher than that reached by any of her playmates.

'My name is Alice Flynn,' was the prompt answer.

'Have you a mother? Where does she live?—Go with me to your home—I must speak with her.'

The child answered these queries by at once leaving her playmates. The artist followed her.

‘This is the place where we live, sir,’

"Yes—she wasn't lost, was she? Or was she up to mischief in the street? Just tell me."

quickly, not in the least daunted by the wash-
roman's greeting. 'I was struck with her
bearance; and now that I have at last an oppor-
tunity of accomplishing an object I have long
contemplated, I trust that you will not shun

"Lord, sir, what is it you want? Speak quick, can't ye? My work is waiting for you! Don't you see? Do you want the child's teeth, or her hair? I've sold her hair twice as dear, but her teeth—"

"You mistake me," exclaimed Martin Gresham, for he was disgusted with the character of the man.

'No! What would you do with it?' The girl already speculated upon people's telling her how beautiful she was. To be sure the child herself looked like a beauty; she gave eyes of bread, and her good looks only spoiled her. She getting proud and hateful since people have to hear so much about it, the little fool!

If this is so, I fear it is not the wisest course to let her go looking for the street with other little girls,' remarked Martin.

This approach to advice aroused the woman's ire.

Where's she to be kept, I'd like to know that! A poor wretch like this, it *awaits* her breath by the sweat of her face, has little time to be looking about after the young ones. People like me can't keep their children at home like other folks who have plenty of room, in door, or outdoors. So you see, my dear man, your advice isn't worth much, any how.'

Of course, madam, you know your own business best; but, seriously, you are not even busily refining your tastes; please assure you it will be the greatest favor to me, if you will consent to take the child's picture. I will pay you the privilege.'

Then it shall be done,' said the woman brightening up. How much will you offer me?

Five shillings,' answered the young man; and I will pay you more at some future date; but I also am poor.'

My fellow, he spoke the truth, indeed, for he had seen just half the contents of his faded purse at that moment.

Well, she may go for that. Here, Alceste, you're going to have your face painted—let me brush you a little.'

No, no, madam, leave her to me. I will take her to my studio as she is. I would not have her appearance changed in the least; the drapery of the child does not want any alteration. I will bring her to you in an hour.

Well, she'll be safe enough, I suppose. Come on.'

Are you going to paint my face, sir? Why for? Will it hurt me?' asked Alice, as she, with Martin, passed along the streets, hand in hand.

I'm going to paint a face like yours—that's all.'

What for?'

To hang up in my room, and then, perhaps to sell it. You needn't mind, for I am quite able to do what I wish to do.'

Sill me! sell my face!' and the little innocent laughed, and wondered why anybody should want to buy a face like hers.

Probably our readers will not soon, if ever, see another painting depicting such a droll scene. We never after remained a date so memorable in the collections of Martin Gray. Let us, therefore, here state that the Sunrise was a portrait quite dissimilar to those we usually see of young children.

No lie quietly, Alice, for a moment,' said Martin. He had placed her on the ancient lounge—the only reasonable piece of furniture in the room. 'Now close your eyes—ah, not so close, let them be half open, as though you were just waking up. Now I will paint a face like yours. Don't shiver at that! Yes, I will also make a Sunrise!'

Quiet and motionless, as though bereft of life, the child lay and watched the artist's movements. An hour passed, and not for one moment had the little face been turned away from him; but at that oven he was satisfied with the progress he had made in those swift-witted sixty minutes.

Upon the easy couch Alice had fallen asleep unperceived by the young painter. He awakened her, and told her that he could not stay longer, promised to keep her with him was passed, and Martin had little inclination to brave the wrath of the mother's tongue. Thoughtfully he led the child to her home, and when he parted with her, he thought of the words which he had heard. He knew that a life of hardship, and want, and temptation, was in store for the beautiful girl.

Poor and handsome, thought he—"God protect her!" To be sure it would be a sad sight to see her grow old, and to see her become so extremely ugly; and as to the necessity of the thing, such folks would seem to require the same pleasure of being admired, inasmuch as they are debased from participating in all amusement excepting that of cost money, and beauty costs nothing. And yet Heaven have mercy on that poor family that boasts of a beauty! As sure as door-sill or by the window, and certainly in a sunny manner. The pretty daughter pines for admiration, and she is not content with the self-denial of the more plainly gifted members of the family. Then come struggles, heart-brokenness and envy—God be thanked if hatred and malice do not also come! Now there's that little girl, who has been so happy, and so contented, and over whom I had the shadow of control! Oh that I were only rich! She ought to be educated, and what a smile—and what a mind she has displayed!

Indulging in such thoughts as these, Martin had passed again through the crowded streets quite unmindful of all things save that one big project he had conceived, which now he felt his first time to deem most likely to really prosper. He thought of it often, and he thought of how he labored there! Six days, morning and evening, he worked on his creation, and Saturday night saw him looking upon it with such intensity of satisfaction as belokened a very happy day. He was finished, and he had heard and he mind had declared it "very good."

The following week there was to be an exhibition, and to the rooms prepared for this purpose, Martin conveyed his work, and it was not long before it attracted great notice, and among the multitudinous proofs of genius there came the Sunrise.

The Sunrise was unfamed, and having been among the last brought in, it occupied an obscure and unfavorable position. But Martin surveyed it with the eye of a father, and he attributed its merit, and he fancied that others would behold it in just such a light. But Martin was destined to be disappointed not a little. During the first day of the exhibition, while the rooms were filled with the crowd, he went round, and he attended towards his portrait. Sometimes it was so fortunate as to attract an exclamation of surprise, and a momentary glance of admiration—and once or twice a group of young people stopped a moment to gaze at it. If a lady looked at it, but there were few works of well known artists which there were so praised and applauded—there were 'first attractions' of rich and fashionable men which must be praised;—and besides, it was on the whole taken least notice of. It was not until the third day that the best pictures occupied the most prominent positions, and that those condemned to the back-ground must be only passably good or mediocre.

By degrees Martin began to take these facts to heart, and when it was only by great effort he managed to keep his head above water, some good fate was yet in store for his darling. On an early hour on the morning of the fifth day he found him more attractive to the rooms. He gradually grew more secure for his child's position more prominent, for the next evenings he had been already removed by their masters.

But two persons were there when he entered. They were a lady and gentleman in deep mourning, and they were standing before his Sunrise. Passing up the stairs, he saw them enter, and directed to the thickly covered wall, where he saw what only an artist could, the outworn burning bones of a multitude of men, he contrived to catch the watch of the two who remained so long motionless and speechless before the picture.

Do you know the author of this work, sir, or if it is for sale?' asked the stranger, as Martin descended.

I have an acquaintance with the artist, answered he, 'but the painting, I think, is not for sale.'

Why should it be placed here then?' asked the stranger quickly, and with great evident disappointment.

Because, sir, there is something dread in the heart of the author of a work, besides the mere story which the sale of it would bring. I feel at liberty to say that the artist himself knows better than the artist should that by his work attention might be attracted to his skill, for he is a young man not contented to labor, and as yet altogether unknown in his profession.

A smiling, good-looking young man, he succeeded in making himself known beyond

[illegible]

...the great artist is dead. The passing visions of the beautiful fancy have forever fled away—the "sleeps the last sleep"—but his works live after him. He sleeps, but he has left a name that is honored by his country, and his genius is a source of joy to his kind.

During his widow's life, his studio remained as he had left it: it was a Mecca, to which, for artists, pilgrims most devout resorted. To many of Martin's roomers were sacred places. "Standing in the doorway, with the air of inspiration held sweet comings with the spirit of the beautiful."

Of the sublime lessons, and they were many, he spoke freely from those walls, there was no one gazing on the three faces, which were separated from all other paintings wrought by the hand, could have resisted the conviction, that in the eyes of the painter, and that he had succeeded in conveying the truth of the thing, a sad and awful moral lesson, for the 'Night' of the 'Sunrise' and the 'Noontide'!

It was marvelous, it was dreadful to trace the

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]